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HYMNS

ON

Gods Everlasting Love.

In Two PARTS.

The FOURTH EDITION.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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FEB

HYMNS, &c.

PART I.

HYMN I.

1 FATHER, whoſe everlaſting Love
Thy only Son for ſinners gave,
Whoſe grace to All did freely move,
And ſent Him down a world to ſave:

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immenſe, unfathom'd, unconfin'd;
To praiſe the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undiſtinguiſhing regard
Was caſt on Adam's fallen race:
For all Thou haſt in Chriſt prepar'd
Sufficient, ſovereign, ſaving grace.

4 Jeſus hath ſaid, we all ſhall hope,
Preventing grace for all is free:
"And I, if I be lifted up,
"I will draw All men unto Me."

5 What ſoul thoſe drawings never knew?
With whom hath not thy Spirit ſtrove?
We all muſt own that God is true,
We all may feel that God is Love.

6 O all ye ends of earth behold
The bleeding all-atoning Lamb!
Look unto Him for ſinners ſold,
Look and be ſaved thro' Jeſu's name.

7 Behold the Lamb of God, who takes
The ſins of all the world away!
His pity no exception makes;
But all that *will* receive Him, *may*.

8 A world He ſuffer'd to redeem;
For all He hath th' atonement made:
For thoſe that will not come to Him
The ranſom of his life was paid.

9 Their Lord unto his own He came;
His own were who receiv'd Him not,
Denied and trampled on his name
And blood, by which themſelves were bought.

10 Who under foot their Saviour trod,
Expos'd afreſh and crucified,
Who trambled on the Son of God,
For them, for them, their Saviour died.

11 For thoſe who at the judgment-day
On Him they pierc'd ſhall look with pain;
The Lamb for every caſt-away,
For every ſoul of man was ſlain.

12 Why then, Thou Univerſal Love,
Should any of thy grace deſpair?
To all, to all, thy Bowels move,
But ſtraitned in our own we are.

13 'Tis we, the wretched abjects we,
Our blaſphemies on Thee tranſlate;
We think that fury is in Thee,
Horribly think, that God is Hate.

14 "Thou haſt compell'd the loſt to die,
"Haſt reprobated from thy face;
"Haſt others ſav'd, but them paſt by;
"Or mock'd with only * *Damning grace.*"

15 How long, Thou jealous God! how long
Shall impious worms thy word diſprove?
Thy juſtice ſtain, thy mercy wrong,
Deny thy faithfulneſs and love?

16 Still ſhall the Hellish Doctrine ſtand?
And thee for its dire author claim?
No—let it ſink at thy command,
Down to the pit from whence it came.

17 Ariſe, O God, maintain thy cauſe!
The fulneſs of the Gentiles call:
Lift up the ſtandard of thy croſs,
And all ſhall own thou dieds't for all.

HYMN II.

1 LORD, not unto me, (The whole I diſclaim)
All glory to Thee Thro' Jeſus's name!
Thy gifts and thy graces Pour'd down from above
Demand all our praiſes, Our thanks and our love.

2 Thy faithfulneſs, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to thy word, So loving, and kind;
Thy mercy ſo tender To all the loſt race,
The foulest offender May turn, and find grace.

* *More uſually call'd,* Common Grace.

3 The mercy I feel, To others I ſhew,
I ſet to my ſeal, That Jeſus is true;
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call:
O! come to my Saviour, His grace is for all.

4 To ſave what was loſt, From heaven He came:
Come, ſinners, and truſt In Jeſus's name:
He offers you pardon, He bids you "Be free!
"If ſin is your burden, O come unto Me!"

5 O let me commend My Saviour to you!
The Publican's friend And advocate too:
For you He is pleading His merits and death,
With God interceding For ſinners beneath.

6 Then let us ſubmit His grace to receive,
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven For Jeſus's ſake,
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

HYMN III.

1 O All that paſs by, To Jeſus draw near!
He utters a cry, Ye ſinners give ear;
From hell to retrieve you, He ſpreads out his hands,
Now, now to receive you He graciouſly ſtands.

2 "If any man thirſt, And happy would be,
"The vileſt and worſt May come unto Me;
"May drink of my ſpirit, (Excepted is none)
"Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own."

3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jeſus believes, His God and his Lord;
In him a pure river Of life ſhall ariſe,
Shall in the believer Spring up to the ſkies.

4 My God, and my Lord, Thy call I obey,
My ſoul on thy word Of promiſe I ſtay;

Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirſt for ſalvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O haſten the hour, Send down from above
The ſpirit of power, Of health and of love,
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace,
Of wiſdom, of prayer, Of joy and of praiſe.

6 The ſpirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood,
Which ſaves us from wrath, And brings us to God,
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling ſin,
And opens a fountain That waſhes us clean.

HYMN IV.

1 O Saviour of all In *Adam* that fell,
Attend to our call, And ſet to thy ſeal,
Our thankful rehearſal If Thou doſt approve
Of grace univerſal, And infinite love.

2 For whom didſt thou die, Thou meek Lamb of God?
With all men may I Lay claim to thy blood?
Me, me Thou redeemeſt, Who for the unjuſt
Haſt ſuffer'd, and cameſt To ſave what was loſt.

3 If all men were dead, And fell in the fall
Of *Adam*, our Head, The type of us all;
Our *Adam* from heaven The loſs doth retrieve:
For all Thou waſt given, That all might believe.

4 If all men have ſtray'd, Of every one
The ſins God hath laid On thee, his dear Son;
And all may find pardon, For pardon who call;
Thou beared'ſt the burden, The guilt of us all.

5 In *Adam* we died, In Thee we may live;
Thy merits applied, We all may receive:
The common ſalvation To all doth belong,
To every nation, And people, and tongue.

6 Our faith is not vain, But death Thou didſt taſte
For every man: 'Tis finiſh'd! 'Tis paſt!
The world is forgiven, For Jeſus's ſake;
The kingdom of heaven By force we may take.

7 O bowels of Love! O infinite Grace!
So freely to move To all the loſt race!
O wond'rous compaſſion! O mercy divine!
Eternal ſalvation, Thro' Jeſus, is mine.

8 Dear Saviour of all, Attend while we ſing;
On Thee do we call Thy witneſs to bring;
Whoſe arms were extended A world to embrace,
Whoſe love never ended *Would* ſave the whole race.

9 Great Witneſs of God, To Thee we appeal!
His love ſhed abroad, His counſel reveal:
If all may find favour, Pure love if Thou art,
Speak inwardly, Saviour, *Amen* to my heart.

HYMN V.

1 TO the meek and gentle Lamb
I pour out my complaint,
Will not hide from Thee my ſhame,
But tell Thee what I want:
I am full of ſelf and pride,
I am all unclean, unclean,
'Till thy ſpirit here abide,
I cannot ceaſe from ſin.

2 Clearly do I ſee the way,
My foot is on the path;
Now, this inſtant, now I may
Draw near by ſimple faith:
Thou art not a diſtant God,
Thou art ſtill to ſinners near,
Every moment, if I would,
My heart might feel Thee near.

3 Free as air thy Mercy ſtreams,
Thy univerſal grace
Shines with undiſtinguiſh'd beams
On all the fallen race:
All from Thee a power receive
To reject, or hear thy call,
All may chuſe to die, or live;
Thy grace is free for all.

4 All the hindrance is in me:
Thou ready art to ſave;
But I will not come to Thee,
That I thy life may have.
Stubborn and rebellious ſtill,
From thy arms of love I fly;
Yes, I will be loſt; I will,
In ſpite of mercy, die.

5 Holy, meek, and gentle Lamb,
With me what canſt thou do?
Tho' thou leav'ſt me as I am,
I own Thee good and true.
Thou wouldſt have me life embrace
Thou for me and all waſt ſlain;
Thou haſt offer'd me thy grace;
'Twas I that made it vain.

6 O that I might yield at laſt,
By dying love ſubdu'd!
Lord, on Thee my ſoul is caſt,
The purchaſe of thy blood:
If Thou wilt the ſinner have,
Thou canſt work to will in me;
When, and as thou pleaſeſt ſave;
I leave it all to Thee.

HYMN VI.

1 GLORIOUS Saviour of my ſoul,
I lift it up to Thee;
Thou haſt made the ſinner whole,
Haſt ſet the captive free:
Thou my debt of death haſt paid;
Thou haſt rais'd me from my fall:
Thou haſt an atonement made;
My Saviour died for all.

2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's breaſt?
Pity drew Him from above,
And would not let him reſt:
Swift to ſuccour ſinking man,
Sinking into endleſs woe,
Jeſus to our reſcue ran,
And God appear'd below.

3 God in this dark vale of tears
A Man of griefs was ſeen;
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with ſinful men.
Did they know the Deity!
Did they own Him who He was?
See, the Friend of ſinners, ſee!
He hangs on yonder croſs!

4 Who hath done the direful deed,
Hath crucified my God?
Curſes on his guilty head
That ſpilt that precious blood:
Worthy is the wretch to die
Self-condemn'd, alas is he!
I have ſold my Saviour, I
Have nail'd him to the Tree.

5 Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb;
By thy judgment I am clear,
Heal'd by thy ſtripes I am:
Thou for me a curſe waſt made,
That I might in Thee be bleſt:
Thou haſt my full ranſom paid,
And in thy wounds I reſt.

6 How ſhall I commend the grace
Which All with me may prove;
Magnify thy mercy's praiſe,
Thy all-redeeming love?
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Who the myſtery ſhall explain?
Angels, that in ſtrength excel,
Would ſearch it out in vain.

7 Far above their nobleſt ſongs,
Thy glorious mercies riſe;
Praiſe ſits ſilent on their tongues,
And wonder lulls the ſkies!
O might I with them be One,
Loſt in ſpeechleſs rapture fall,
Caſt my crown before thy throne,
Thou Lamb that diedſt for All!

HYMN VII.

1 JESU, hear! In bitterneſs
Of ſpirit hear me cry!
See me in my laſt diſtreſs,
And at the point to die!
Save me, or I periſh, Lord!
I ſink into the gulph beneath:
To the tempted help afford,
And ſnatch my ſoul from death.

2 Compaſs'd with an hoſt of foes,
Defenceleſs, and alone,
I have neither ſtrength t' oppoſe,
Nor ſwiftneſs to out-run:
Or could I their rage evade,
I cannot 'ſcape the foe within,
Sold to evil, and betray'd
By my own boſom-ſin.

3 Lord, as with my lateſt breath,
I aſk, what ſhall I do?
Only ruin, ſin and death,
And hell are in my view.
No way to eſcape I ſee
From the infernal fowler's ſnare,
Everlaſting miſery,
And blackneſs of deſpair.

4 See me looking for my doom,
When ſin ſhall claim its prey;
When the next temptation come,
And I am caſt away.
I have neither will nor power,
Temptation to reſiſt or fly:
Jeſu, ſave me in this hour!
O ſave me, or I die!

5 Once thou didſt my doom revoke,
And ſet my ſpirit free,
Free from ſin's *Ægyptian* yoke,
I liv'd a-while to thee.
But, alas, I did not ſtand;
To Thee I did not faithful prove;
Baſely ſlighted thy command,
And left my former love.

6 I am into bondage brought:
Again entangled, I
Yield to ſin in every thought,
And cannot but comply:

Trembling I expect the time,
Which shall my full damnation seal;
When some horrid, horrid crime
Shall shut me up in hell.

7 Yet O Lord, I still believe
Thou canst my soul restore:
Thou art ready to forgive,
And bid me sin no more:
Still salvation might be found,
If I would on my Saviour call:
Grace doth more than sin abound;
Thy grace is free for All.

8 Thou art willing to forgive;
But, O my cursed heart
Cannot, will not, yet believe,
Nor with its Idols part.
No, I would not, though I might
Accept of perfect liberty:
Darkness rather than the light
I love, and sin than Thee.

9 Yet I *may* be sav'd I know,
I feel thy Spirit strive:
Whether I repent, or no,
I may repent, and live:
I have Choice of death or life,
They both on instant now depend:
Who shall tell me, if the strife
In Heaven or Hell shall end?

10 Whether I shall ever yield,
Only to God is known:
If I fall, 'tis uncompell'd,
The deed is all my own:
All the blame be on my head,
The Saviour from my blood is pure;
I, and only I, have made
My own damnation sure.

11 No decree of his conſign'd
My unborn ſoul to hell;
GOD was merciful and kind,
But I would ſtill rebel:
Still half harden'd I remain'd
Would not receive ſalvation's cup;
Griev'd his Spirit, and conſtrain'd
At laſt to give me up.

12 God forbid, that I ſhould dare
To charge my death on Thee:
No, thy truth and mercy tear
The HORRIBLE DECREE!
Though the devil's doom I meet,
The devil's doctrine I diſclaim;
Let it ſink into the pit
Of hell, from whence it came.

13 I this record leave behind,
Though damn'd, I was forgiven;
Every ſoul may mercy find,
Believe, and enter heaven;
All the heavenly drawings prove,
And all alike are free t' embrace
Special, ſovereign, ſaving love,
And all-ſufficient Grace.

14 Sinners, hear my dying call,
Ye all are bought with blood:
Take ye warning by my fall,
Nor trample on your God:
Life to all his death imparts,
Receive what He doth freely give:
Harden not, like me, your hearts,
But turn, O turn and live.

15 God, the Good, the Juſt, I clear;
He did not die in vain:
Grace hath brought ſalvation near
To every ſoul of Man:

I would not be ſav'd from death,
And ſelf-deſtroy'd I juſtly fall;
Publiſhing, with my laſt breath,
The Saviour died for all.

HYMN VIII.

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt, the Juſt,
My friend and advocate with Thee,
If I have ſinn'd, in Him I truſt,
Who ever lives to pray for me:
Behold the Lamb! for me he bleeds,
For me his great atonement pleads!

2 For all the ſins of all mankind,
He once a perfect offering made,
For all his precious life reſign'd,
For all a bleeding ranſom paid:
He bow'd his head upon the tree:
'Tis finiſh'd! He hath died for me!

3 This laſt, and every ſin of mine,
Did He not in his body bear?
Was it not purg'd with blood divine?
Behold the bond hangs cancell'd there!
'Tis nail'd to the accurſed wood,
'Tis blotted out with Jeſu's blood.

4 The ſin on Him which was not laid,
For which He hath not ſatisfied,
Puniſh it, Father, on my head,
Here let it with thy wrath abide,
But if He paid my utmoſt pain,
Thou canſt not aſk the debt again.

5 Lo, in the gap my ſurety ſtands,
To turn away thy vengeful ire!
Am I not written on his hands?
What can thy juſtice more require?

No other ſacrifice I ſeek;
Thou hear'ſt the blood of ſprinkling ſpeak.

6 It ſpeaks me juſtified from all
My ſins, in thought, or word, or deed;
It ſpeaks my ſoul redeem'd from thrall,
From ſin and *Satan*'s priſon freed;
It ſpeaks into my heart a power,
Which makes me more than conqueror.

7 Father, behold thy favourite Son,
And hear Him for his murderer pray:
The face of thine anointed One,
I know Thou canſt not turn away:
I leave the cauſe to Him and Thee,
Give me the thing He aſks for me!

HYMN IX.

1 O 'Tis enough, my God, my God,
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleneſs no more;
No more thy ling'ring anger move,
Or ſin againſt thy light and love.

2 I loath myſelf in my own ſight,
Adjudge my guilty ſoul to hell;
How could I do Thee ſuch deſpite;
So long againſt thy love rebel;
Deſpiſe the riches of thy grace,
And dare provoke Thee to thy face!

3 But O! if mercy is with Thee,
Now let it upon me be ſhewn,
On me, the chief of ſinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan:
Me to thy Father's grace reſtore,
Nor let me ever grieve Thee more.

4 Fountain of unexhauſted love,
Of infinite compaſſion, hear;
My Saviour, and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear:
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
O let me turn again and live.

5 But if my gracious day is paſt,
And I am baniſh'd from thy ſight,
When into outer darkneſs caſt,
My judge I'll own hath done me right,
Adore the hand whoſe ſtroke I feel,
Nor murmur when I ſink to hell.

6 No dire decree of thine is here
That pre-ordain'd my damn'd eſtate;
Jeſus, the merciful, I clear;
Jeſus, the juſt, I vindicate:
He ſwore He would not have me die:
Why, ſinner, will thou periſh, why?

7 Becauſe I would not come to Him,
That I his proffer'd life might have:
Jeſus was willing to redeem,
I would not ſuffer him to ſave.
I now his truth and juſtice prove,
I now am damn'd, but God is love.

8 O God, if Thou art Love indeed,
Let it once more be prov'd in me,
That I thy mercy's praiſe may ſpread,
For every child of *Adam* free:
O let me now the gift embrace,
O let me now be ſav'd by grace.

9 If all long ſuffering Thou haſt ſhewn
On me, that others may believe:
Now make thy loving-kindneſs known,
Now the all-conquering ſpirit give,

Spirit of victory and power,
That I may never grieve Thee more.

10 Grant my importunate Requeſt,
It is not my deſire but Thine;
Since Thou wouldſt have the ſinner bleſt,
Now let me in thine image ſhine;
Nor ever from thy footſteps move,
But more than conquer in thy love.

11 Be it according to thy will;
Set my impriſon'd ſpirit free;
The counſel of thy grace fulfil;
Into the glorious liberty
My ſpirit, ſoul, and fleſh reſtore,
And I ſhall never grieve Thee more.

HYMN X.

Jeſus Chriſt, the Saviour of all Men.

1 SEE, ſinners, in the goſpel-glaſs,
The friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all th' apoſtate race,
But may in Him ſalvation find;
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life, and death—that God is love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The ſins of all the world away!
A ſervant's form He meekly wears,
He ſojourns in a houſe of clay;
His glory is no longer ſeen,
But God with God is man with men.

3 See where the God incarnate ſtands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home!
He all day long ſpreads out his hands,
"Come, weary ſouls, to Jeſus come!

" Ye all may hide you in my breaſt,
" Believe, and I will give you reſt.

4 " Ah! do not of my goodneſs doubt,
" My ſaving grace for all is free;
" I will in no-wiſe caſt him out
" Who comes, a ſinner unto me,
" I can to none myſelf deny:
" Why, ſinners, will ye periſh, why?"

5 (The mournful cauſe let Jeſus tell)
" They will not come to me, and live:
" I did not force them to rebel,
" Or call, when I had nought to give,
" Invite them to believe a lye,
" Or any ſoul of man paſs by."

6 Sinners, believe the goſpel-word,
Jeſus is come, your ſouls to ſave!
Jeſus is come, your common Lord!
Pardon ye all in Him may have;
May now be ſav'd, whoever will:
This man receiveth ſinners ſtill.

7 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the ſick, the poor
Flock to the friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure:
To whom doth He his help deny?
Whom in his days of fleſh paſs by?

8 Did not his word the fiends expel?
The lepers cleanſe, and raiſe the dead?
Did he not all their ſickneſs heal,
And ſatisfy their every need?
Did He reject his helpleſs clay?
Or ſend them ſorrowful away?

9 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to ſee
The people hungry, ſcatter'd, faint:

Nay, but He utter'd over thee
Jeruſalem, a true complaint;
Jeruſalem, who ſhed'ſt his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee hath flow'd.

10 How oft for thy hard-heartedneſs
Did Jeſus in his ſpirit groan!
The things belonging to thy peace,
Hadſt thou, O bloody city, known,
Thee, turning in thy gracious day,
He never would have caſt away.

11 He wept, becauſe thou wouldſt not ſee
The grace which ſure ſalvation brings:
How oft would He have gather'd thee,
And cheriſh'd underneath his wings;
But thou wouldſt not—unhappy thou!
And juſtly art thou harden'd now.

12 Would Jeſus have the ſinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that ſtrange expiring cry?
(Sinners, He prays for you and me)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
"They know not that by Me they live!

13 He prays for thoſe that ſhed his blood:
And who from Jeſu's blood is pure?
Who hath not crucified his God?
Whoſe ſins did not his death procure?
If all have ſinn'd thro' Adam's fall,
Our ſecond Adam died for all.

14 Adam deſcended from above
Our loſs of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of univerſal love,
If all the world in Thee may live,
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
And witneſs, Thou haſt died for me.

15 Extend to me the cleanſing tide
Which freely flow'd for all mankind,
Open the fountain of thy ſide,
In Thee may I redemption find,
Give me redemption in thy blood:
For me and all mankind it flow'd.

16 Dear, loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody ſweat, thy grief and ſhame,
Thy croſs and paſſion on the tree,
Thy precious death, and life, I pray
Take all, take all my ſins away!

17 O let me kiſs thy bleeding feet,
And bathe, and waſh them with my tears,
The ſtory of thy love repeat
In every drooping ſinner's ears,
That all may hear the quick'ning ſound:
If I, ev'n I have mercy found!

18 O let thy love my heart conſtrain,
Thy love for every ſinner free,
That every fallen ſoul of man
May taſte the grace that found out me,
That all mankind, with me, may prove
Thy ſovereign, everlaſting love.

HYMN XI.

The Cry of a Reprobate.

1 GO, wretched ſoul, to meet thy doom,
Thou neither canſt eſcape, nor fly:
The day, the fatal day is come,
And thou with all thy hopes muſt die.

2 The dire occaſion of my fall
Is preſent to my cloſeſt view,
Shorn of my ſtrength, I give up all,
And bid the world of grace adieu!

3 The Philiſtines at laſt have found
The way t'afflict their baffled foe,
By my own ſin betray'd and bound,
A ſheep I to the ſlaughter go.

4 I ſaw my death with ſtony eye,
While I the way of life could find;
But would not then from ruin fly,
And now my harden'd heart is blind.

5 I cannot from deſtruction turn,
Nor wiſh it might from me depart,
Down the ſwift ſtream of nature borne,
I ſin with all my wretched heart.

6 My greedy ſoul knows no remorſe,
(While conſcience ſear'd no longer cries)
Impetuous, as the headlong horſe
Ruſhes into the fight, and dies.

7 I haſten where the deepeſt hell
Is mov'd to meet me from beneath,
Where damn'd apoſtate ſpirits yell,
And gnaw their tongues, and gnaſh their teeth.

8 Tophet is for the king prepared,
But I muſt have the hotteſt place;
I claim it as my juſt reward,
For ſuch an endleſs waſte of grace.

9 Dives, and I, and Judas there,
With galling chains of darkneſs bound,
Shall howl in blaſphemous deſpair,
And fiends return the doleful ſound.

10 A real, fiery, ſulphurous hell
Shall prey upon our outward frame;
But ſorer pangs the ſoul ſhall feel,
Tormented in a fiercer flame.

11 The dreadful ſin-conſuming fire
God ſhall into our ſpirits breathe,
A brimſtone ſtream of vengeful ire,
And ſlay them with a living death.

12 Conſcience, the worm that never dies,
Shall gnaw and tear us day and night,
For ever banish'd from the ſkies,
And caſt out of the Saviour's ſight.

13 Back to the preſence of the Lord,
O'er the vaſt gulph we cannot paſs;
We cannot, cannot be reſtor'd
To ſee the glories of his face.

14 Horrors of horrors! hell of hell!
This makes the cup of wrath run o'er,
Far from my Lord with fiends to dwell,
And never, never ſee Him more.

15 O death, this is thy ſting! O grave
Of ſouls, this is thy victory!
The Saviour can no longer ſave,
A gulph is fix'd 'twixt Him and me.

16 No ray of light, no gleam of hope
The diſmal regions can allow;
'Tis here I muſt my eyes lift up,
The pains of hell ſurround me now.

17 Hopeleſs my damn'd eſtate I mourn,
God's wrath is dropt into my ſoul;
His fiery wrath in me ſhall burn,
Long as eternal ages roll.

18 Hear, ſinners, hear a human fiend,
And ſhudder at my horrid tale,
Conſign'd to woes that never end,
Before my time, I weep and wail.

19 As Dives would his brethren warn,
Leſt they ſhould ſhare his dreadful doom,
Sinners (I cry) to Jeſus turn,
Nor to my place of torment come.

20 Hear an incarnate devil preach,
Nor throw, like me, your ſouls away,
While heavenly bliſs is in your reach,
And God prolongs your gracious day.

21 Whom I reject, do you receive,
The Saviour of mankind embrace:
He taſted death for all, believe,
Believe, and ye are ſav'd by grace.

22 Ye are, and I was once forgiven;
Jeſus's doom did mine repeal;
I might, with you, have come to heaven,
Sav'd by the grace from which I fell.

23 A ranſom for my ſoul was paid;
For mine, and every ſoul of man
The Lamb a full atonement made,
The Lamb for me, and Judas ſlain.

24 Before I at his bar appear,
Thence into outer darkneſs thruſt,
The Judge of all the earth I clear,
Jeſus, the Merciful and Juſt.

25 By my own hand, not His, I fall,
The helliſh doctrine I diſprove;
Sinners, his grace is free for all;
Tho' I am damned, yet God is love!

HYMN XII.

1 SAVIOUR, and friend of ſinners, ſee
The moſt rebellious of thy foes,
If grace, unbounded grace, from Thee
In ſtreams of endleſs pity flows,
O let it now my Soul embrace,
O'erwhelm me now with pard'ning grace.

2 Hear, Jeſu, hear my dying call,
Me in a way of mercy meet;
Self-loathing, ſelf-condemn'd I fall
A ſinner at my Saviour's feet,
Unleſs thou caſt a pitying eye,
The ſinner at thy feet muſt die.

3 I own my puniſhment is juſt,
If now Thou drive me from thy face,
Down into outer darkneſs thruſt,
And quite exclude me from thy Grace,
And leave me to my fearful doom:
I now am ripe for wrath to come.

4 I know my ſoul is foul as hell,
The hotteſt hell my deeds require,
There only am I fit to dwell
With fiends in everlaſting fire:
But why, Redeemer, didſt Thou die?
O let thy bowels anſwer why!

5 Was it to ſave, or to condemn
The world, that nail'd Thee to the tree?
Say, didſt Thou only die for them,
Thy murd'rers, Lord, and paſs by me?
But haſt thou for thy murd'rers died?
Then I my God have crucified!

6 Wherefore my God hath taſted death
For me, and every ſoul of man,
To pluck us from the lion's teeth,
To ſave us from infernal pain,
That every ſoul from ſin ſet free,
Might witneſs, God hath died for me!

HYMN XIII.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my God,
I ſtake my ſoul on thy free grace,
Take back my intereſt in thy blood,
Unleſs it ſtream'd for *all* the race:
I ſtake my ſoul on this alone,
THY BLOOD DID ONCE FOR ALL ATONE.

2 Gracious, and true, ſet to thy ſeal,
Preach the glad tidings to my heart,
Now let my new-born ſpirit feel
Pure univerſal love Thou art,
In mine, in all our boſoms move,
And teſtify, that God is Love.

3 Enlarge my heart to all mankind,
The purchaſe of thy dying groans,
O let me by this token find
They All are thy redeemed ones;
For if I lov'd whom God abhorr'd,
The Servant were above his Lord.

4 Thus let me thy free mercy prove
To all, who thy pure truths oppoſe,
If I my fierceſt foes can love,
If I, to ſave my fierceſt foes,
To die myſelf would not deny,
For whom couldſt Thou refuſe to die?

5 Dear dying Lord, thy Spirit breathe,
Kindle in us the living fire,

Jeſus, conform us to thy death,
The fulneſs of thy life inſpire,
O manifeſt in us thy mind
Benevolent to all mankind.

6 Now, Lord, into our ſouls bring in
Thine everlaſting righteouſneſs,
A period make of guilt and ſin,
And call us forth thy witneſſes,
That all mankind, with us may prove
Thy infinite, and perfect love.

H Y M N XIV.

God's *ſovereign, everlaſting Love.*

1 O All-redeeming Lord,
Thy kindneſs I record,
Me thy kindneſs hath allur'd,
Call'd, and drawn me from above,
Sweetly am I thus aſſur'd
Of thy everlaſting love.

2 But is thy grace leſs free
For others, than for me?
Lord, I have not learnt Thee ſo:
Good to every man Thou art,
Free as air thy mercies flow;
So I feel it in my heart.

3 Thee every Soul may find
Loving to all mankind,
All have once thy drawings prov'd
Every ſoul may ſay with me,
Me the friend of ſinners lov'd,
Lov'd from all eternity.

4 Before his name I knew,
Me to Himſelf he drew,

My unconſcious heart inclin'd
To purſue ſome good unknown,
Happineſs I long to find,
Happineſs in God alone.

5 God is the thing I ſought,
But then I knew it not,
Who ſhall ſhew me any good?
(With the many ſtill I cried)
Reſt was only in thy blood,
Who for me, for all haſt died.

6 The world's deſire and hope,
For this was lifted up,
Lord, Thou didſt hereby engage,
To draw all men unto Thee,
All in every place and age:
Grace for all mankind is free!

7 The Spirit of thy love
With every ſoul hath ſtrove,
Every fallen ſoul of man
May recover from his fall,
See the Lamb for ſinners ſlain,
Feel that He hath died for all.

Thou doſt not mock our race
With inſufficient grace;
Thou haſt reprobated none,
Thou from *Pharaoh*'s blood art free,
Thou didſt once for all atone,
Judas, *Eſau*, *Cain*, and me.

HYMN XV.

1 FATHER, if I have ſinn'd, with Thee
An advocate I have:
Jeſus, the Juſt, ſhall plead for me,
The ſinner Chriſt ſhall ſave.

Pardon and peace in Him I find;
But not for me alone
The Lamb was ſlain; for all mankind
His blood did once atone.

3 My ſoul is on thy promiſe caſt,
And lo! I claim my part:
The univerſal pardon's paſt;
O ſeal it on my heart.

4 Thou canſt not now thy grace deny,
Thou canſt not but forgive:
Lord, If thy juſtice aſks me why—
In Jeſus I believe!

HYMN XVI.

1 SAVIOUR of all, by God deſign'd
Our loſs of *Eden* to retrieve,
Mighty reſtorer of mankind,
In whom we all, though dead, may live:

2 In Rapture loſt, on Thee I gaze,
Thy univerſal goodneſs prove,
Adore the riches of thy grace,
And triumph in thy boundleſs love.

3 Reſt to my ſoul I now have found,
My intereſt in thy blood I ſee;
On this my confidence I ground,
Who died for all, hath died for me.

4 For me, for me the Saviour died!
Surely thy grace for all is free:
I feel it now by faith applied:
Who died for all, hath died for me!

5 No dire decree obtain'd thy ſeal,
Or fix'd th' unalterable doom,

Conſign'd my unborn ſoul to hell,
Or damn'd me from my mother's womb.

6 Who that beholds thy lovely face,
Can doubt, if all thy grace may ſhare?
So ſtrong, the lines of General Grace——
Grace, grace is all that's written there.

7 Loving to every man Thou art!
Sinners, ye all his grace may prove;
He bears you all upon his heart;
God is not Hate, but God is Love.

HYMN XVII.

The HORRIBLE DECREE.

1 AH! gentle gracious Dove,
And art thou griev'd in me,
That ſinners ſhould reſtrain thy love,
And ſay, "It is not free,
"It is not free for *all:*
"The *moſt* Thou paſſeſt by,
"And mockeſt with a fruitleſs call
"Whom thou haſt doom'd to die."

2 They think Thee not ſincere
In giving each his day,
"Thou only draw'ſt the ſinner near,
"To caſt him quite away;
"To aggravate his Sin,
"His ſure damnation ſeal;
"Thou ſhew'ſt him heav'n, and ſay'ſt, Go in
"And thruſts him into hell."

3 O HORRIBLE DECREE,
Worthy of whence it came!
Forgive their helliſh blaſphemy,
Who charge it on the Lamb:

Whoſe pity Him inclin'd
To leave his throne above,
The friend, and Saviour of mankind,
The God of grace and love.

4 O gracious, loving Lord,
I feel thy bowels yearn;
For thoſe who ſlight the goſpel-word
I ſhare in thy concern:
How art thou griev'd to be
By ranſom'd worms withſtood!
How doſt Thou bleed afreſh to ſee
Them trample on thy blood.

5 To limit Thee they dare,
Blaſpheme Thee to thy face,
Deny their fellow-worms a ſhare
In thy redeeming grace:
All for their own they take,
Thy righteouſneſs engroſs,
Of none effect to *moſt* they make
The merits of thy croſs.

6 Sinners, abhor the fiend,
His other goſpel hear,
The God of truth did not intend
The thing his words declare;
He offers grace to all,
Which *moſt* cannot embrace,
Mock'd with an ineffectual call,
And inſufficient grace.

7 The righteous God conſign'd
Them over to their doom,
And ſent the Saviour of mankind
To damn them from the womb;

To damn for falling ſhort
Of what they could not do,
For not believing the report
Of that which was not true.

8 The God of Love paſt by
The moſt of thoſe that fell,
Ordain'd poor reprobates to die,
And forc'd them into hell,
He did not do the deed,
(Some have more mildly rav'd)
He did not damn them—but decreed
They never ſhould be ſav'd.

9 He did not them bereave
Of Life, or ſtop their breath,
His grace he only would not give,
And ſtarv'd their ſouls to death.
Satanic ſophiſtry!
But ſtill all-gracious God,
They charge the ſinner's death on Thee,
Who bought'ſt him with thy blood.

10 They think with ſhrieks and cries
To pleaſe the Lord of Hoſts,
And offer Thee, in ſacrifice,
Millions of ſlaughter'd ghoſts:
With new-born babes they fill
The dire infernal ſhade,
For ſuch (they ſay) was thy great will
Before the world was made.

11 How long, O God, how long
Shall *Satan's* rage proceed!
Wilt Thou not ſoon avenge the wrong,
And cruſh the ſerpent's head!

Surely Thou ſhalt at laſt
Bruiſe him beneath our feet;
The devil, and his doctrine caſt
Into the burning pit.

12 Ariſe, O God, ariſe,
Thy glorious truth maintain,
Hold forth the bloody ſacrifice
For every ſinner ſlain!
Defend thy mercy's cauſe,
Thy grace divinely free
Lift up the ſtandard of thy croſs,
Draw all men unto thee.

13 O vindicate thy grace
Which every ſoul may prove,
Us in thy arms of love embrace,
Of everlaſting love.
Give the pure goſpel-word,
Thy preachers multiply,
Let all confeſs their common Lord,
And dare for Him to die.

14 My life I here preſent,
My heart's laſt drop of blood,
O let it all be freely ſpent
In proof that thou art good,
Art good to all that breathe,
Who all may pardon have:
Thou willeſt not the ſinner's death,
But all the world would ſave.

15 O take me at my word,
But arm me with thy power,
Then call me forth to ſuffer, Lord,
To meet the fiery hour:

In death will I proclaim
That all may hear thy call,
And clap my hands amidſt the flame,
And ſhout—HE DIED FOR ALL.

The End of the Firſt Part.

HYMNS, &c.

PART II.

HYMN I.

1 TErrible God, ſeverely juſt,
Inexorable Judge of all,
A ſinner cleaving to the duſt,
And looking for a deeper fall,
Thy awful juſtice I confeſs,
And glorify thy righteouſneſs.

2 Righteous in all thy ways Thou art;
Long didſt Thou ſtrive my ſoul to win,
Tho' harden'd now I feel my heart
Thro' the deceitfulneſs of ſin,
I clear Thee in my lateſt groan,
O God, my death is all my own.

3 Ten thouſand thouſand times reſtor'd,
Still into greater ſins I fell,
Trod under foot my bleeding Lord,
And labour'd to inſure my hell;
How couldſt Thou ſtill defer my fate?
How couldſt Thou give me up ſo late?

4 I might have ſeen in that my day
The things belonging to my peace,
But would not let thy Spirit ſtay,
But forc'd his ſtriving Love to ceaſe,
I forc'd him to withdraw his light,
And take his everlaſting flight.

5 Moſt juſtly then my day is paſt,
Mercy no more remains for me,
Thy Spirit griev'd and quench'd at laſt
With ſenſeleſs unconcern I ſee,
The meaſure of my ſin fill'd up,
Shipwreck'd my faith, extinct my Hope.

5 No cloak for mine offence have I,
I calmly ſin againſt thy light,
Deliberately reſolve to die,
And ſink into eternal night,
The day is paſt, the ſtrife is o'er,
I will accept of grace no more.

7 My hands hang down, my feeble knees
Refuſe to bear the ſinful clay,
My ineffectual ſtrivings ceaſe,
I fall a final caſt-away;
I fall, and own my God is juſt,
No longer mine: for all is loſt!

8 Loſt, and undone, and damn'd am I!—
But whence this unavailing tear?
This ſtruggling, faint, imperfect ſigh?
Can ought of good be harbour'd here?
O no! it cannot, cannot be;
Mercy no more remains for me.

9 Away, ye dreams of future reſt!
Why am I tempted to look up?

What means this ſtruggling in my breaſt?
My flinty breaſt muſt never hope;
Yet kindled my relentings are,
And check'd I feel my juſt deſpair.

10 But is it impoſſible that I
Remorſe or hope again ſhould know?
If mercy's fountain is not dry
To me, its ſtreams eternal flow;
If grace to me doth ſtill abound,
Then *Judas* might have pardon found.

11 If yet again my Lord returns,
And will not with his purchaſe part;
If over me his Spirit mourns,
And works upon my ſtony heart,
None out of hell need now deſpair,
A viler rebel is not there!

12 If after all my waſte of love,
(Enough ten thouſand worlds to ſave)
I ſtill am call'd his grace to prove,
And may in Him redemption have,
Sinners, ye all with me muſt own,
The day of grace and life is one.

13 God of unfathomable grace,
Vouchſafe thy benefits to crown,
Moſt fallen of the fallen race
To me, of ſinners chief, come down,
A worſe did ne'er thy Spirit grieve:
A worſe Thou never canſt forgive.

14 Since firſt with *Adam's* ſons he ſtrove
To bring th' apoſtates back to God,

The Spirit of thy grace and love
Never, no never yet ſubdu'd
A more rebellious worm than me,
Or gain'd a harder victory.

15 Then ſave me for thy mercy's ſake,
And give, O give me to thy Son,
That I to all mankind may make
The riches of thy mercy known,
Thy everlaſting love proclaim,
And grace for all in Jeſu's name.

HYMN II.

1 JESUS, my Jeſus, hear,
And bid the ſinner hope,
Guilty and trembling I draw near,
But dare not give Thee up:
For this alone I live,
A poor backſlider I,
Thy forfeit mercy to retrieve,
Or at thy feet to die.

2 O 'tis a bitter thing
From Jeſus to depart,
This is, O death, thy only ſting,
I feel it in my heart!
I bear my guilty load,
My fooliſhneſs I mourn,
I have forſook the living God;
O how ſhall I return!

3 O Jeſu, full of grace,
To Thee I make my moan,
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy baniſhed one.
Again my pardon ſeal,
Again my ſoul reſtore,
And freely my backſlidings heal,
And bid me ſin no more.

4 Wilt Thou not bid me riſe?
Speak, and my ſoul ſhall live;
Forgive my gaſping ſpirit cries,
Abundantly forgive:
Where ſin hath moſt increas'd,
Let grace much more abound,
Let me, from all my bonds releas'd,
Again in Thee be found.

5 What ſhall I ſay to move
The pity of my Lord?
Doſt Thou not ſtill delight to love
Me of thine own accord?
For thine own mercy's ſake
Relieve my wretchedneſs,
And O my pardon give me back,
And give me back my peace.

6 Again thy love reveal,
Reſtore that inward heaven,
O grant me once again to feel
Thro' faith my ſins forgiven;
Thy utmoſt mercy ſhew,
Say to my drooping ſoul,
In peace, and full aſſurance go,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

HYMN III.

1 O Take away the ſtone,
Jeſu, the bar remove,
Th' accurſed thing to me unknown,
That ſtops thy ſtreaming love:
Thy grace is always free,
Thou waiteſt to be good,
And ſtill thy Spirit grieves for me,
And ſpeaks thy ſprinkled blood.

2 Ah! do not let me truſt
In gifts and graces paſt,
But lay my ſpirit in the duſt,
And ſtop my mouth at laſt.
What Thou for me haſt done,
I can no longer plead;
Thy truth and faithfulneſs I own,
If now thouſtrike me dead.

3 Surely I once believ'd,
And felt my ſins forgiven,
Thy faithful record I receiv'd,
That Thou haſt purchas'd heaven
For me, and all mankind,
Who from their ſins would part;
The peace of God I once could find,
The witneſs in my heart.

4 But ſoon the ſubtle fiend
Beguil'd my ſimple mind,
Darkneſs with light he knew to blend,
Falſhood and truth he join'd;
Pride (he remember'd well)
Had caſt him from the ſkies:
By pride the firſt tranſgreſſor fell,
And loſt his paradiſe.

5 Arm'd with this fiery dart,
The enemy drew nigh,
And preach'd to my unſettled heart,
His bold preſumptuous lye:
"You are ſecure of heaven,
"(The tempter ſoftly ſays)
"*You are elect*, and once forgiven,
"Can never fall from grace.

6 "You never can receive
"The grace of God in vain;
"The gift, be ſure, He did not give
"To take it back again;

" He cannot take it back,
" Whether you uſe, or no
" His grace; you cannot ſhipwreck make
" Of faith, or let it go.

7 " You never can forget,
" Your God, or leave Him now,
" Or once look back, if you have ſet
" Your hand unto the plow:
" You never can deny
" The Lord who you hath bought,
" Nor can your God his Own paſs by,
" Tho' you receive Him not.

8 " God is unchangeable,
" And therefore ſo are you;
" And therefore they can never fail,
" Who once his goodneſs knew;
" In part perhaps you may,
" You cannot wholly fall,
" Cannot become a caſt-away,
" Like *non elected Paul.*

9 " Tho' you continue not,
" Yet God remains the ſame,
" Out of his book He cannot blot
" Your everlaſting name:
" Cut off you ſhall not be,
" You never ſhall remove,
" Secure from all eternity
" In his electing Love.

10 " If God the ſeed did ſow,
" He ſow'd it not in vain,
" It cannot to perfection grow,
" But it muſt ſtill remain:
" Nor cares, nor ſins can choak,
" Or make the grace depart,
" Nor can it be by *Satan* took
" Out of your careleſs heart.

11 " You muſt for ever live,
" If of the choſen race;
" If God did but one talent give
" Of ſpecial, ſaving grace,
" You cannot bury it;
" He never can reprove,
" Or caſt you out into the pit
" For trampling on his love.

12 " God ſees in you no ſin;
" On his decree depend;
" You who did in the ſp'rit begin,
" In fleſh can never end:
" You never can reject,
" His mercies, or abuſe,
" His great ſalvation none neglect,
" And death and evil chuſe.

13 " If once the ſpirit unclean
" Out of his houſe is gone,
" He never more can enter in,
" Or ſeize you for his own;
" You need not dread the fate
" Of reprobates accurſt,
" Or tremble leaſt your laſt eſtate
" Be worſe than was the firſt.

14 " Surely the righteous man
" Can never more draw back,
" He his own mercies never can
" With his good works forſake;
" That he ſhould ſink to hell
" In his iniquity
" God may ſuppoſe it poſſible,
" But it can never be!

15 " His threatnings all are vain,
" You fancy him ſincere,
" But ſpare yourſelf the needleſs pain,
" And caſt away your fear.

" He ſpeaks with this intent,
" To frighten you from ill
" With ſufferings, which he only meant
" The reprobate ſhould feel.

16 " He only meant to warn
" The damn'd, devoted race,
" Back from his ways leſt they ſhould turn
" Who never knew his ways;
" He only cautions all
" Who never came to God,
" Not to depart from God, or fall
" From grace, who never ſtood.

17 " His threatnings are a jeſt,
" Or not deſign'd for you;
" He only means them for the reſt,
" And they ſhall find them true,
" Who ſlight his mercy's call,
" Which they could ne'er embrace:
" He warns th' apoſtates not to fall
" From common *(damning)* grace.

18 " 'Gainſt thoſe that faithleſs prove
" He ſhuts his mercy's door,
" And whom He never once did love
" Threatens to love no more;
" From them He doth revoke
" The grace they did not ſhare,
" And blot the names out of his book
" That ne'er were written there.

19 " But you may reſt ſecure,
" And ſafely take your eaſe,
" If you are once in grace, be ſure
" You always are in grace:
" Caſt all your fears away,
" My ſon, be of good chear,
" Nor mind what Paul or Peter ſay,
" For you *muſt* perſevere.

20 " And did they fright the child,
" And tell it, it might fall!
" Might be of its reward beguil'd,
" And ſin, and forfeit all!
" Might to its vomit turn,
" And wallow in the mire,
" And periſh in its ſins, and burn
" In everlaſting fire!

21 " What naughty men be they
" To take the children's bread!
" Their carnal confidence to ſlay,
" And force them to take heed!
" With humble uſeleſs doubt
" The fearful babes they fill,
" Compell'd with trembling to work out,
" Their own ſalvation ſtill.

23 " Ah poor miſguided ſoul!
" And did they make it weep!
" Come let me in my boſom lull
" Thy ſorrows all to ſleep:
" Thine eyes in ſafety cloſe,
" Secure from all alarms,
" And take thine undiſturb'd repoſe,
" And reſt within my arms.

24 " They ſhall not vex it ſo,
" By bidding it take heed;
" You need not as a bulruſh go,
" Still bowing down your head:
" Your griefs and fears reject,
" My *other* goſpel own,
" Only believe yourſelf *elect*,
" And all the work is done."

HYMN XI.

1 'TWAS thus the ſubtle foe
Beguil'd my fooliſh heart,
While weak in faith I did not know
His falſe inſnaring art:
I liſten'd to a lye
Which nature lik'd ſo well,
Believ'd the ſoothing fiend, that I
Could never fall—and fell.

2 The tempter now withdrew,
And left me free from care,
His own advantage well he knew;
My ſoul was in his ſnare;
Secure, and lull'd in eaſe,
Sin vex'd me now no more,
My ſorrows end, my troubles ceaſe,
And all my pangs are o'er.

3 Freed from the inward croſs,
Of all corruption full,
A prophet of ſmooth things I was
To my own wretched ſoul;
Unchang'd and unrenew'd,
Yet ſtill I could not fall:
Daub'd with untemper'd mortar ſtood
The tottering whited wall.

4 My wound I ſlightly heal'd,
And quieted my grief,
With all the falſe aſſurance fill'd
Of damning unbelief;
One of the happy ſect
Who ſcoff at mourners poor,
That will not dream themſelves elect,
'Till they have made it ſure.

5 How happier far was I,
From grief and ſcruple free,
Who could from all conviction fly
To God's *ſuppos'd* decree!
O what a ſettled peace,
What comfort did I prove
And hug me in my ſins, and bleſs,
His ſweet electing love!

6 What if I ſinn'd *ſometimes*,
In this *imperfect* ſtate,
It was not like the damning crimes
Of a loſt reprobate;
Sin was not ſin in *me*,
God doth not blame His Own,
Doth not behold Iniquity
In any Choſen One.

7 What if I *foully* fell,
I *finally* could not:
His grace is irreſiſtible,
And back I *muſt* be brought:
What if in ſin I liv'd,
The firm decree is paſt,
I *muſt* be at my Death receiv'd,
I *muſt* be ſav'd at laſt.

8 How could my folly dare
Satan and ſin to ſlight?
The judgments of my God were far
Above out of my ſight:
His wrath was not for me,
And therefore I defied
Mine enemies, from danger free,
In ſelf-electing pride.

9 Not all his threatned woes
My ſtubborn heart could move;
His threatnings only were for thoſe
Who never knew his love:

He cannot take away
His covenanted grace,
Tho' I rebel, and diſobey,
And mock him to his face.

10 He cannot me paſs by,
Or utterly reject,
Or judge his people, or deny
To ſave his own elect;
He ſwore to bring me in
To heaven; 'twere perjury
For God to puniſh me for ſin,
For God to paſs by me.

11 'Twas thus my wretched heart
Abuſ'd his patient Grace,
Provok'd his mercy to depart,
His juſtice to take place:
Unconſcious of its ſtate,
In death my ſoul abode,
Nor groan'd beneath its guilty weight,
Nor knew its fall from God.

12 I could not be reſtor'd,
By pard'ning grace renew'd,
While trampling on his written word
Self-confident I ſtood:
He only ſaves the loſt,
Which I could never be,
I never could be damn'd, but muſt
Be ſav'd by his decree.

HYMN V.

1 O My offended God,
If now at laſt I ſee
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done deſpite to Thee;

If I begin to wake,
Out of my deadly ſleep,
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.

2 I can no more rely
On gifts and graces paſt,
Loſt, and undone, and damn'd am I,
I give up all at laſt:
With guilty ſhame I drop
My bold preſumptuous plea,
Mercy itſelf may give me up,
The vile apoſtate me.

3 I can no longer truſt
In my abuſe of grace,
I own Thee merciful and juſt,
If baniſh'd from thy face:
Tho' once I ſurely knew,
And felt my ſins forgiven,
Faithful I own Thee, Lord, and true,
If now ſhut out from heaven.

4 Thro' faith in Jeſu's name
I once was juſtified,
Yet hence no benefit I claim,
I loſt it all by pride:
More deſp'rate is my ſtate,
Farther I am from God,
Than any hopeleſs reprobate,
Who never felt thy blood.

5 Nothing have I to plead,
Lord, at thy feet I fall,
Pour all thy judgments on my head,
I have deſerv'd them all,
Juſtice my life demands;
Thou art unchangeable,
Thy covenant unſhaken ſtands,
Tho' I am doom'd to hell.

6 Nothing for me remains
But horror and deſpair,
A fearful looking-for of pains
Too exquiſite to bear,
Judgment and fiery wrath;
For I have wilfully
(Since I receiv'd thy ſaving faith)
Apoſtatiz'd from Thee.

7 Enlighten'd once I was,
And ſaw my ſins forgiv'n,
And taſted of thy pard'ning grace,
The happineſs of heaven;
I taſted the good word,
And, ſanctified in part,
Receiv'd the promiſe of my Lord,
The Spirit into my heart.

8 Now I am fallen away,
And Thou may'ſt let me fall,
'Till ended is my gracious day,
And I am ſtript of all;
'Till I am void of God,
'Till all the ſtrife is o'er,
And I can never be renew'd,
Can never ſee Thee more.

9 But, O forbid it, Lord,
Nor drive me from thy face,
While ſelf-condemn'd and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I humbly ſue for grace:
For thy own mercy's ſake
My guilty ſoul releaſe,
And now my pardon give me back,
And give me back my peace.

10 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim,
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Thro' faith in Jeſu's name;

Thou all the debt haſt paid,
This is my only plea,
The cov'nant God in Thee hath made,
With all mankind, and me.

11 Thou haſt obtain'd the grace
That all may turn and live,
And lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his ſin to Thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He ſhall accepted be.

12 Thy death hath bought the power
For every ſinful ſoul,
That all might know their gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole:
Thou haſt for ſinners died,
That all might come to God,
The cov'nant Thou haſt ratified,
And ſeal'd it with thy blood.

13 He that believes in Thee,
And doth to death endure,
He ſhall be ſav'd eternally,
The covenant is ſure;
The mountains ſhall give place,
Thy cov'nant cannot move.
The cov'nant of thy gen'ral grace,
Thy all-redeeming Love.

14 He that in Thee believes,
And to the end remains,
He everlaſting life receives,
For ſo thy will ordains:
This is the firm decree,
The word of thy commaud,
Faſt as the ſun and moon with Thee
It doth for ever ſtand.

15 God of all-pard'ning grace,
The cov'nant now I plead,
The cov'nant made with all our race
In Jeſus Chriſt, our head;
Canſt Thou the grace deny,
The pardon which I claim?
O why did the Redeemer die?
I aſk in Jeſu's name.

16 Haſt thou not ſent us forth
His pris'ners from the pit?
And do I not to Jeſu's worth
And righteouſneſs ſubmit?
Father, behold thy Son,
As in my place He ſtood,
And hear his dying word, *'Tis done*,
And hear his ſpeaking blood.

17 It ſpeaks me juſtified,
My Father muſt forgive:
He *doth*; I feel it now applied,
My pardon I receive:
My peace He gives me back,
My antepaſt of heaven,
And God again for Jeſu's ſake
Hath me, ev'n me forgiven.

HYMN VI.

1 JESU, my hope, my help, my power,
On Thee I ever call,
O ſave me from temptation's hour,
Or into hell I fall.

2 If by thy light I now perceive
My utter helpleſſneſs,
O do not for one moment leave
The ſinner in diſtreſs.

4 I cannot truſt my treach'rous heart,
I ſhall myſelf betray,
I muſt be loſt, if thou depart,
A final caſt-away.

4 I feel within me unſubdu'd
A curſed, carnal will;
It hates, and ſtarts from all that's good,
And cleaves to all that's ill.

5 My ſoul could yield to every vice,
And paſſion in exceſs;
My ſoul to all the height could riſe
Of daring wickedneſs.

The blackeſt crime upon record
I freely could commit;
6 The ſins by nature moſt abhorr'd
My nature could repeat.

7 I could the devil's law receive,
Unleſs reſtrain'd by thee;
I could, (good God!) I could believe
The HORRIBLE DECREE.

8 I could believe that God is Hate,
The God of love and grace
Did damn, paſs by, and reprobate
The moſt of human race.

9 Farther than this I cannot go,
'Till *Tophet* take me in:
But, O forbid that I ſhould know
This myſtery of ſin.

10 Jeſu, to Thee for help I fly,
Support my ſoul, and guide;
Keep as the apple of an eye,
Under thy ſhadow hide.

11 Withold my foot from every ſnare,
From every ſin defend;
Throughout the way my ſpirit bear,
And bring me to the end.

12 Wiſdom and ſtrength to Thee belong;
Folly and ſin are mine:
But out of weakneſs make me ſtrong,
But in my darkneſs ſhine.

13 My ſtrength will I aſcribe to Thee,
My wiſdom from above;
And praiſe to all eternity
Thine all-redeeming love.

HYMN VII.

1 AH! When ſhall I awake
From ſin's ſoft ſoothing power,
This ſlumber from my ſpirit ſhake,
And riſe to fall no more?
Awake, no more to ſleep,
But ſtand with conſtant care,
Looking for God my ſoul to keep,
And watching unto prayer?

2 O could I always pray
And never, never faint!
But ſimply to my God diſplay
My every care and want!
I know that Thou wouldſt give
More than I can requeſt,
Thou ſtill art ready to receive
My ſoul to perfect reſt.

3 Gracious Thou art to all,
Such faith in Thee I have,
If all the world on Thee would call,
Thou all the world wouldſt ſave.

To every one that prays
The gift is freely given;
Who ſeek ſhall every one find grace,
Who knock ſhall enter heaven.

4 Yet ſtill I cannot aſk,
From thee I turn away,
My heart abhors the irkſome taſk,
And knows not how to pray;
If dragg'd to ſue for grace,
I ſoon my ſuit forbear,
Break off, as in a moment's ſpace,
The intolerable prayer.

5 O wretched man of ſin!
Wretched I ſtill remain,
A perfect happineſs within
My reach I ſee in vain:
I ſee, but cannot take,
But will not it receive;
Still my own mercies I forſake,
I will not yet believe.

6 Thou, doſt not mock me, Lord,
The work of thine own hands,
Or call me to believe thy word,
While thy decree withſtands;
Thy grace for all is free,
Tho' all accept it not,
To every ſinner, and to me
It hath ſalvation brought.

7 To me this token give
Of all-redeeming grace;
O let me now the gift receive,
Thy proffer'd life embrace!
I do embrace it now,
Deſcending from above,
Low at thy throne of love I bow,
Of univerſal love.

8 I feel Thee willing, Lord,
A ſinful world to ſave:
All may obey the goſpel word,
May peace and pardon have:
Not one of all the race
But may return to Thee,
But at the throne of ſov'reign grace
May fall, and weep with me.

9 Here let me ever lie,
And tell Thee all my care,
And Father, Abba Father, cry,
And pour a ceaſeleſs prayer;
'Till Thou my ſins ſubdue,
'Till Thou my ſins deſtroy,
My ſpirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

10 *Meſſias*, Prince of Peace,
Into my ſoul bring in
Thine everlaſting righteouſneſs,
And make an end of ſin:
Into all thoſe that ſeek
Redemption in thy blood,
The ſanctifying Spirit ſpeak,
The plenitude of God.

11 Let us in ſilence wait,
'Till faith ſhall make us whole,
'Till thou ſhalt all things new create
In each believing ſoul:
Who can reſiſt thy will?
Speak, and it ſhall be done;
Thou ſhalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN VIII.

1 COME, let us who in Chriſt believe,
Our common Saviour praiſe;
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 His grace would every ſoul reſtore
That fell in Adam's fall:
His Father's juſtice aſks no more,
Since he hath died for all.

3 He died for all, He none *paſt by*
In their forlorn eſtate:
He left not in his ſin to die
One hopeleſs reprobate.

4 We ſtake our intereſt in thy blood,
On this, on this alone,
That It for all mankind hath flow'd,
And did for all atone.

5 Unleſs to all thy bowels move,
Unleſs thy grace is free,
O bleeding Lamb, take back thy Love,
O Saviour, paſs by *me*.

6 But can I fear thy juſtice nigh,
When Love is on my ſide?
Thou canſt not, Lord, Thyſelf deny,
For wherefore haſt Thou died?

7 For me, for us, for all mankind
The ranſom price was given,
That all might here their *Eden* find,
And then remove to heaven.

8 If any fail of promis'd reſt,
Their death is all their own;
All nations now in Chriſt are bleſt,
His love excepted none.

9 All our ſalvation is of God,
Whoſe arms would all embrace:
Who periſh, periſh ſelf-deſtroy'd
For not accepting grace.

10 Surely the grace doth once appear
To every ſoul of man;
Jeſus hath brought ſalvation near,
He did not die in vain.

11 He made it poſſible for all
To turn again and live;
And therefore doth his goſpel call,
And his good Spirit ſtrive.

12 He now ſtands knocking at the door
Of every ſinner's heart;
The worſt need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

13 Thro' grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be ſav'd from ſin;
In ſure and certain hope rejoice
That thou wilt enter in.

14 Come quickly in, thou heavenly gueſt,
Nor ever hence remove;
But ſup with us, and let the feaſt
Be everlaſting love.

HYMN IX.

1 HOLY, and juſt, and gracious God,
S:ill wilt Thou let thy foes blaſpheme
Their Saviour's all-atoning blood,
And ſay, "Twas only ſhed for them?

2 "For them, and not for all mankind,
"The Saviour of the world was given;
"Millions of ſouls He caſt behind,
"And only mock'd with hopes of heaven.

3 "To damn the world, and not to ſave,
"The Father ſent his only Son;
"That none but they might pardon have,
"They—the whole world of Them alone.

4 "He willeth not that all ſhould come
"To faith, and heaven thro' ſaving grace;
"He reprobated from the womb
"The Moſt of *Adam's* helpleſs race.

5 "He willeth (ſo they judge their God)
"That moſt ſhould periſh in their fall;
"He left them weltering in their blood,
"And mocks them with a fruitleſs call.

6 "Bids all men every where repent,
"And He to all his life will give;
"He *bids* them all, but never *meant*
"That any reprobate ſhould live.

7 "No: To be ſav'd He made them not,—
"Them to be damn'd He therefore made;
"No medium here can human thought
"Find out, tho' help'd with Satan's aid.

8 " God, ever merciful and juſt,
" With new-born babes did *Tophet* fill ;
" Down into endleſs torments thruſt,
" Merely to ſhew his ſovereign will."

9 This is that HORRIBLE DECREE !
This is that wiſdom from beneath !
God (O deteſt the blaſphemy !)
Hath pleaſure in the ſinner's death.

10 Horror of horrors ! ſpawn of hell !
It iſſues from the burning pit !
Come, ſee the fiend you love ſo well,
Who blindly to his ſway ſubmit.

11 See him dragg'd out to open light,
And judge him by the written word ;
Then let him ſink to endleſs night,
Slain by the Spirit's two-edg'd ſword.

12 If reaſon can arreſt his doom,
Make haſte, produce your ſtrongeſt plea ;
Ye potſherds of the earth preſume
To diſunite the Trinity :

13 " Since God might juſtly let All die,
" And leave All to eternal woe ;
" Might He not juſtly Some paſs by ?"
The Wounds of Jeſus anſwer, No !

14 His wrath He might on all have ſhewn,
Had not his law been ſatisfied ;
But now He *cannot* paſs by one,
He *cannot*,—for his Son hath died.

15 The Mediator ſtands between
An angry God, and guilty race ;
The blood of ſprinkling ſpeaks for men ;
Juſtice appeas'd gives way to grace.

17 God was in Chriſt, and all mankind
Now to Himſelf hath reconcil'd;
The Lamb his precious life reſign'd
He died, and rigid Juſtice ſmil'd.

18 'Tis finiſh'd! Thou haſt bought our peace;
Jeſus, the ſound of Jeſu's name,
Makes all our guily terrors ceaſe,
For God and Jeſus are the ſame.

19 Thou haſt for all a ranſom paid,
The world's offence thy body bore;
Thou all the mighty debt haſt paid,
And God, the Juſt, can aſk no more.

20 Before Thou hadſt the debt laid down
He might have left us all to hell;
But now He cannot paſs by one,
Since Thou haſt died for all that fell.

21 Lord, we forget Thou once didſt take
Our ſin, and all our curſe remove;
O'erlook thy paſſion, when we make
Thy juſtice ſwallow up thy love.

22 Lord, we forget thy dying groans,
That Thou for all haſt taſted death,
For all th' Unjuſt haſt ſuffer'd once:
Forgive them, gaſp'd thy parting Breath.

23 Surely thy dying prayer is heard,
God for thy ſake hath all forgiven;
Grace hath to all mankind appear'd,
And all may follow it to heaven.

HYMN X.

1 JESU, thy word is paſt; the grace
Unſpeakable is come to all:
Reſtor'd by Thee, the fallen race
May all recover from their fall;
From earth Thou haſt been lifted up,
That all the ends of earth might hope.

2 The ſure, irrevocable Word
Hath no one ſoul of man paſt by,
We all may claim the common LORD,
Not one is forc'd, or left to die:
Say Thou, if all may come to thee;
"I will draw all men unto Me."

3 But hath thy love excepted none?
But wouldſt Thou draw us all to God?
Didſt Thou for the whole world atone?
Have all an int'reſt in thy blood?
Say, if thy grace for all is free;
"I will draw all men unto Me."

4 But doſt Thou give thy *ſpecial* grace,
Sufficient all the world to ſave?
Doſt Thou not hide from half the race
What none but the elect can have?
"The grace that brings ſalvation near,
"Doth once to all mankind appear."

5 And canſt Thou, Lord, incline our heart,
And draw us to Thyſelf in vain,
And then compel us to depart,
And thruſt us into endleſs pain?
"I am not willing One ſhould die:
"Why, ſinners, *will* ye periſh, why?"

6 But if thy written word be true,
And Thou art willing to ſave all,
Why do not all the track purſue,
And liſten to th' effectual call?
Why do not all thy grace receive?
"They *will not* come to Me, and live."

7 All *might* be ſav'd, but all *are* not,
For all *will not* thy call obey,
The grace that once ſalvation brought,
Self-harden'd ſinners caſt away;
They would not ſee the way of peace,
But forc'd the Spirit's ſtrife to ceaſe.

8 They would not the pure truth receive,
Sav'd, when they might, they would not be,
God therefore left them to believe
The devil's Horrible Decree:
And lo! they will believe a lye,
That God did *Nine in Ten* paſs by.

9 In them the ſtrong deluſion reigns,
That none but they in Chriſt have hope,
The poiſon ſpreads throughout their veins,
And drinks their angry ſpirits up;
"Let all but us in *Tophet* dwell,
"Away with reprobates to hell."

10 The ſpirit of their father ſpeaks;
The lion roaring for his prey,
The reprobating lion ſeeks
Unſtable ſouls to tear and ſlay:
Fly, ſinners, fly the fowler's ſnare,
Satan, and all his depths are there.

11 Hear the old helliſh murd'rer roar,
"For all the Saviour did not die
"For only you, and not one more,
"My children who believe my lie."

His children anſwer to his call,
And ſhout, "Chriſt did not die for All."

12 O God of love, lay to thine hand,
And bruiſe him underneath our feet;
No longer let his doctrine ſtand,
But chaſe it to his native pit;
There only let the fiend declare,
And preach his other goſpel there.

HYMN XI.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus, tranſporting ſound!
The joy of earth and heaven?
No other help is found,
No other name is given
By which we can ſalvation have,
But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

3 Jeſus, harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their Happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heaven to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free;
'Tis Muſic in his ears,
'Tis life, and victory;
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the ſcorpion ſin,
My poor expiring ſoul
The balmy ſound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel He died for me.

6 For me and all mankind,
The Lamb of God was ſlain;
My Lamb his life reſign'd
For every ſoul of man;
Loving to all, He none paſt by,
He would not have one ſinner die.

7 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How freely didſt Thou move
To ſave a fallen race!
What ſhall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind haſt done.

8 For this alone I breathe
To ſpread the goſpel ſound
Glad tidings of thy death
To all the nations round;
Who all may feel thy blood applied,
Since all are freely juſtified.

9 O for a trumpet-voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died.

10 To ſerve thy bleſſed will,
Thy dying love to praiſe,
Thy counſel to fulfil,
And miniſter thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

HYMN XII.

1 O All-atoning Lamb,
O Saviour of mankind,
If every ſoul may in thy name
With me ſalvation find;
If Thou haſt choſen me
To teſtify thy grace,
(That vaſt unfathomable ſea,
Which covers all our race.)

2 Equip me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight,
My ſimple upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright;
Controul my every thought,
My whole of ſelf remove;
Let all thy works in Thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in Love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee,
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
To fervent charity:
With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call,
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

4 O do not let me truſt
In any arm but thine!
Humble, O humble to the duſt
This ſtubborn ſoul of mine!
Caſt all my reeds aſide,
Captivate every thought,
And drain me of my ſtrength and pride,
And bring me down to nought.

5 Thou doſt not ſtand in need
Of me to prop thy cauſe,
T' aſſert thy General Grace or ſpread
The victory of thy croſs;
A feeble Thing of nought,
With humble ſhame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought
Thou doſt it all alone.

6 Little, and baſe, and mean,
And vile in mine own eyes,
A lump of miſery and ſin,
At thy command I riſe;
I riſe at thy command,
I anſwer to thy call,
A witneſs of thy grace I ſtand,
Thy grace which is for all.

7 O may I love like Thee,
And in thy footſteps tread!
Thou hateſt all iniquity,
But nothing Thou haſt made:
O may I learn thy art,
With meekneſs to reprove,
To hate the ſin with all my heart,
But ſtill the ſinner love.

8 Increaſe (if that can be)
The perfect hate I feel
To *Satan's* HORRIBLE DECREE,
That genuine child of hell;
Which feigns Thee to paſs by
The moſt of *Adam's* race,
And leave them in their blood to die,
Shout out from ſaving grace.

9 To moſt, as devils teach,
(Get thee behind me, fiend!)
To moſt thy mercies never reach;
Whoſe mercies never end:

" Millions of ſouls thy will
" Delighted to ordain
" Inevitable death to feel,
" And everlaſting pain.

10 In vain thy written word
The helliſh tale gainſays,
Bids all receive their common Lord,
And offers all thy grace:
Prophets, apoſtles join,
And ſaints and angels call,
And Chriſt atteſts the love divine,
That ſent Him down for all.

11 Yet ſtill, alas! there are
Who give their God the lye,
The Saviour of the world they dare
With all his truths deny:
A monſtrous two-fold will
To God, the juſt, they give,
" His *Secret* One ordain'd to kill,
Whom his *Declar'd* bids live.

12 " The God of truth commands
" All ſinners to repent,
" And mocks the work of his own hands,
" By what He never meant:
" Commands them to believe
" An unavailing lye,
" Him for their Saviour to receive,
" For them who did not die."

13 Loving to every man,
Of tend'reſt pity full,
Did God, the Good, the Juſt, ordain
To damn one helpleſs ſoul?
" He did! the Juſt, the Good,
(Hell anſwers from beneath)
Spite of his word, his oath, He wou'd,
He wills the ſinner's death."

14 Like as the father feels
His ſuffering children's care,
In God ſuch kind compaſſion dwells
For all his offspring are:
" He loves his little ones,
" (As *Satan* ſpeaks (ſo well,
" To daſh their brains againſt the ſtones,
" And ſhut them up in hell."

15 " He givesthem Damning Grace
" To raiſe their torments higher,
" And makes his ſhrieking children paſs
" To Moloch through the fire;
" He doom'd their ſouls to death
" From all eternity:"
This is that Wiſdom from beneath,
That Horrible Decree!

16 My ſoul it harrows up,
It freezes all my blood,
My tingling ears I fain would ſtop
Againſt their helliſh God,
Conſtrain'd, alas! to hear
His reprobating roar,
And ſee him horribly appear
All ſtain'd with human gore.

17 'Tis thus, Thou loving Lamb,
'Thy Creatures picture Thee;
I bluſh to own my nature's ſhame,
That nature is in me:
The dire reproach efface;
Ariſe, O God, thy truth maintain,
Thy all-redeeming grace.

18 Defend thy mercy's cauſe:
Men have blaſphem'd their God,
Thrown down the altar of thy croſs,
And trampled on thy blood:

Thy truth and righteouſneſs
Their impious ſchemes diſprove,
And rob Thee of thy fav'rite grace,
Thine univerſal love.

19 Ah ! fooliſh ſouls, and blind,
If your report be true,
If mercy is not unconfin'd,
What mercy were for you !
Who all his truth blaſpheme,
Who all his grace deny ;
Fury, ye worms is not in Him,
Or He would you paſs by.

20 Jeſus, forgive the wrong,
But O thy foes reſtrain,
Silence the lewd, opprobrious tongue,
That ſcourges Thee again :
They put thee, Lord, to ſhame,
Again to death purſue ;
Yet O forgive them, gentle Lamb,
They know not what they do.

21 Some men of ſimple heart
The devil's tale believe;
Beguil'd by the old ſerpents art,
His ſaying they receive :
For fear of robbing Thee
They rob Thee of thy grace,
And (O good God to prove it free,
Damn almoſt all the race.

22 Pity their ſimpleneſs,
O Saviour of mankind,
Scatter the clouds of ſmoke that preſs
Their weak bewilder'd mind ;
The *other* goſpel chace
To hell, from whence it came ;
And let them taſte thy General Grace,
And let them know thy name.

23 O all-redeeming Lord,
Our common Friend and Head,
Thine everlasting gospel-word
In their behalf we plead!
If they have drank their bane,
Do Thou the death remove,
The ven'mous thing drive out again
By Universal Love.

24 Let it not plunge their soul
In all th' extremes of ill,
The fatal mischief, Lord, controul,
Nor suffer it to kill;
Thou wouldst that None should die,
O bring them back to God,
Thy sov'reign antidote apply,
Thine all-atoning blood.

25 Avenge us of our foe,
And crush the serpent's head,
No longer suffer him to sow
On earth the deadly seed;
The trampler on thy grace,
Bruise him beneath our feet,
To hell the old deceiver chace,
And seal the burning pit.

26 Then shall thy saints rejoice,
The song of Moses sing,
With angel choirs lift up their voice,
And praise their heavenly king:
"Th' accuser is subdu'd,
"And put to endless shame,
"Cast down by the all-cleansing blood
"Of the victorious Lamb."

HYMN XIII.

Why will ye die, O house of Israel.

Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 SInners, turn, why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live:
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
God, who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to imbrace his love:
Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death?

Will ye ſtill in ſin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying ſinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

5 Let the beaſts their breath reſign,
Strangers to the life divine,
Who their God can never know,
Let their ſpirit downward go:
Ye for higher ends were born,
Ye may all to God return,
Live with him above the ſky;
Why will you for ever die?

6 You, on whom He favours ſhowers,
You, poſſeſt of nobler powers,
You, of reaſon's powers poſſeſt,
You, with will and memory bleſt,
You, with finer ſenſe endu'd,
Creatures capable of God,
Nobleſt of his creatures, why,
Why will you for ever die?

7 You, whom He ordain'd to be
Tranſcript of the Trinity,
You, whom He in life doth hold,
You, for whom Himſelf was ſold,
You, on whom He ſtill doth wait,
Whom He would again create,
Made by Him, and purchas'd, why,
Why will you for ever die?

8 You, who own his record true,
You his choſen people, you,
You, who call the Saviour Lord,
You, who read his written word,
You who ſee the goſpel light,
Claim a crown in Jeſu's right,
Why will you, ye Chriſtians, why
Will the houſe of *Iſrael* die?

9 You, his own peculiar race,
Sharers of his ſpecial grace,
All his grace to you is given
You, the favourites of heaven;
And will you unfaithful prove,
Trample on his richeſt love?
Jeſus aſks the reaſon, why,
Why will you reſolve to die?

10 What could your Redeemer do,
More than He hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than ſhed his blood?
After all his waſte of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you reſolve to die?

11 Will you die, becauſe his grace
Cannot reach to all the race?
Life becauſe you cannot have,
You becauſe He will not ſave?
Dare you ſay He doth not call
Doth not offer life to all,
Doth not aſk his creatures, why,
Why will you reſolve to die?

12 Saith He what He never meant,
Calls on all men to repent,
Calls, while his decree withſtands,
Mocks the work of his own hands!
Will you die becauſe you muſt?
Dare you make your God unjuſt?
He would have you live; O why,
Why will you reſolve to die?

13 Turn, He cried, ye ſinners turn,
By his life your God hath ſworn,
He would have you turn, and live,
He would all the world receive;

He hath brought to all the race
Full ſalvation by his grace;
He hath no one ſoul paſt by;
Why will you reſolve to die?

14 Hath He pleaſure in your pain?
Did He you to death ordain,
Vow you never ſhould return,
Damn, or ever you were born?
If your death were his delight,
Would He you to life invite,
Would He aſk, obteſt, and cry,
Why will you reſolve to die?

15 Sinners, turn while God is near,
Dare not think Him inſincere:
Now, ev'n now your Saviour ſtands,
All day long He ſpreads his hands,
Cries, Ye will not happy be,
" No, ye will not come to me,
" Me, who life to none deny;
" Why will you reſolve to die?"

16 Can ye doubt, if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his word believe?
Will ye not his oath believe?
See, the ſuffering God appears!
Jeſus weeps! Believe his tears;
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
Why will you reſolve to die?

HYMN XIV.

God *will have all Men to be ſaved.*

1 Tim. ii. 4.

1 AH whither ſhould I go
Burden'd, and ſick and faint?
To whom ſhould I my trouble ſhew,
Or pour out my complaint?
The Saviour bids me come:
Ah, why do I delay!
He calls the weary ſinner home,
And yet from Him I ſtay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let my Saviour take
Poſſeſſion of my heart?
Some curſed thing unknown
Muſt ſurely lurk within,
Some idol which I will not own,
Some ſecret boſom-ſin.

3 Jeſu, the hindrance ſhew,
Which I have fear'd to ſee,
Yet let me now conſent to know
What keeps me now from Thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power diſplay,
Into its darkeſt corners ſhine,
And take the veil away.

4 I would not ſtill deceive
My ſoul, and blind my ſight,
I would not ſtill thy Spirit grieve
By ſhutting out thy light.

Late in thy light I ſee,
And thank Thee for the grace,
Thou wouldſt have all men come to Thee,
Saviour of human race.

5 Not one of all that fell
But may thy favour find,
With Thee the Friend of Sinners dwell,
The Friend of human-kind:
Thee every ſoul may ſee,
Thy ſaving grace may prove,
Confirm the Merciful Decree
Of Univerſal Love.

6 Thou oft haſt call'd in vain,
Thou oft haſt come unſought,
Wouldſt gather every ſoul of man,
But we, alas! would not.
Thou offereſt all to fill
For thine own mercies ſake,
"Come, freely come, whoever will,
"And living water take."

7 Thou ſtandeſt at the door,
And wilt not thence depart,
But entrance ever doſt implore
Into the ſinner's heart.
They knock if any hear,
And open to his gueſt,
Thou entereſt in that ſoul to chear,
And art Thyſelf its feaſt.

8 The vileſt need not doubt,
Thy grace for All is free,
Thou wilt in no-wiſe caſt him out,
Who feebly comes to Thee.
Thou doſt of us complain,
"To me ye will not come,
"That ye eternal life may gain,
"And then be taken home."

That All *may* turn and live,
Thou by thy life haſt ſworn,
" Why will ye die, when I would give
" Pardon to All that turn."
Lord, I believe at laſt
Thy promiſe and thy vow,
Thy word and ſolemn oath are paſt,
And Thou wilt ſave me now.

10 At laſt I yield, I yield,
Renounce my faithleſs fear,
By all thy attributes compell'd
I give up my deſpair.
O how have I belied
My God, and wildly rav'd
Thou wilt not ſave, I falſely cried
When I would not be ſav'd.

11 Thy goodneſs I accus'd,
('Pardon the blaſphemy)
Of Life thy proffer I refus'd,
And charged my death on thee.
How long have I, how long
Of God a devil made?
Forgive me, gracious Lord, the wrong;
I knew not what I ſaid.

12 I now believe in Thee
Compaſſion reigns alone;
According to my faith to me,
O let it, Lord be done:
In me is all the bar,
Which Thou would'ſt fain remove;
Remove it and I ſhall declare,
That God is only love.

13 Thy mercy then takes place,
We find that love thou art,
When we no more reſiſt thy grace,
And harden not our heart.

Anſwer, if this be true,
Thy counſel now fulfil,
On me for good ſome token ſhew
O work in me to will!

14 Lo in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove:
My potter, ſtamp on me thy clay,
Thy only ſtamp of love.
Be this my whole deſire,
(I know that it is thine:)
Then kindle in my ſoul a fire,
Which ſhall for ever ſhine.

15 Thy gracious readineſs
To ſave mankind aſſert,
Thy image, Love thy name impreſs,
Thy nature on my heart.
Bowels of mercy, hear,
Into my ſoul come down,
Let it throughout my life appear
That I have Chriſt put on.

16 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home!
So ſhall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come,
Jeſus is full of grace,
To all his bowels move,
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only Love!

HYMN XV.

FREE GRACE.

1 COME, let us join our Friends above,
The God of our ſalvation praiſe,
The God of everlaſting love,
The God of univerſal grace.

2 'Tis not by works that we have done,
'Twas Grace alone his heart inclin'd,
'Twas grace that gave his only Son
To taſte of death for all mankind.

3 For every man He taſted death;
And hence we in his ſight appear,
Nor lifting up our eyes beneath,
But publiſhing his mercy here.

4 This is the ground of all our hope,
The fountain this of all our good,
Jeſus for All was lifted up,
And ſhed for all his precious blood.

5 His blood for All, a ranſom given,
Has waſh'd away the general ſin
He cloſed his eyes to open heaven,
And All, who will, may enter in.

6 He worketh once to will in all,
Or mercy we could ne'er embrace,
He calls with an effectual call,
And bids us all receive his grace.

7 Thou draweſt all men unto Thee,
Grace doth to ev'ry ſoul appear,
Preventing grace for all is free,
And brings to all Salvation near.

8 Had not thy grace Salvation brought,
Thyſelf we never ſhould deſire;
Thy grace ſuggeſts our firſt good thought,
Thy only grace doth all inſpire.

9 By Nature only free to ill,
We never had one motion known
Of good, hadſt thou not given the will,
And wrought it by thy grace alone.

10 'Twas grace, when we in ſin were dead,
Us from the death of ſin did raiſe,
Grace only hath the difference made,
Whate'er we are, we are by grace.

11 When on thy love we turn'd our back,
Thou wouldſt not ſhut thy mercy's door,
The forfeiture thou wouldſt not take,
Thy grace did ſtill our ſouls reſtore.

12 When twice ten thouſand times we fell,
Thou gav'ſt us ſtill a longer ſpace,
Didſt freely our backſlidings heal,
And ſhew'dſt thy more abundant grace.

13 T'was grace from hell that brought us up,
Lo! to thy ſovereign grace we bow,
Thro' ſovereign grace we ſtill have hope,
Thy ſovereign grace ſupports us now.

14 Grace only doth from ſin reſtrain,
From which our nature cannot ceaſe,
By grace we ſtill thy grace retain,
And wait to feel thy perfect peace.

15 Kept by the mercy of our God,
Thro' faith to full ſalvation's hour,
Jeſu, we ſpread thy name abroad,
And glorify thy gracious power.

16 The conſtant miracle we own
By which we every moment live,
To grace, to thy free-grace alone
The whole of our ſalvation give.

17 Strongly upheld by thy right-hand,
Thy all-redeeming love we praiſe,
The monuments of thy grace we ſtand,
Thy free, thine univerſal grace.

18 By grace we draw our every breath,
By grace we live, and move, and are,
By grace we 'ſcape the ſecond death,
By grace we now thy grace declare.

19 From the firſt feeble thought of good
To when the perfect grace is given,
'Tis all of grace; by grace renew'd
From hell we paſs thro' earth to heaven.

20 We need no reprobates to prove
That grace, free-grace is truly free,
Who cannot ſee that God is love,
Open your eyes, and look on me.

21 On us, whom Jeſus, hath call'd forth,
T' aſſert that all his grace may have,
To vindicate his paſſion's worth,
Enough ten thouſand worlds to ſave.

22 He made it poſſible for all
His gift of righteouſneſs t'embrace,
We all may anſwer to his call,
May all be freely ſav'd by grace.

23 He promis'd all mankind to draw;
We feel him draw us from above;
And preach with him the gracious law,
And publiſh the decree of love.

24 Behold the all-atoning Lamb,
Come, ſinners at the goſpel-call,
Look, and be ſav'd thro' Jeſu's name,
We witneſs He hath died for all.

25 We join with all our friends above,
The God of our ſalvation praiſe,
The God of everlaſting love,
The God of univerſal grace.

GLORIA PATRI.

I

1 FAther, whoſe everlaſting love
Draws every ſinner from above,
And points him to th' atoning blood;
Thou all the world wouldſt freely ſave,
If all thy record would believe,
That thou haſt Chriſt on all beſtow'd:
Saviour of all, to Thee we bow,
The univerſal Saviour thou
Thy gift of life to all wouldſt give:
'Tis we that make thine offers vain,
We force thy pity to complain,
"Ye will not come to me, and live."

2 Thee, Spirit of love, we gladly praiſe,
Who ſtriveſt long with all the race;
We own thine univerſal lure:
Had he accepted of thine aid,
The blackeſt Soul in hell had made
His calling and election ſure.
Joint cauſes of our glorious hope,
To Thee our thanks we offer up,
Of thy free-grace we make our boaſt;
On angels and arch-angels call,
Praiſe ye the Lamb that died for all,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

II.

1 FAther of our dear Lord,
Thy mercy we record,
Over all thy works it ſhone,
Mercy freely thee inclin'd,
Mercy gave thine only Son
Death to taſte for all mankind,

2 O Lamb, for ſinners ſlain,
For every ſoul of man,
Thou for all men lifted up,
Draweſt all men unto Thee:
Glory be to Chriſt, our hope!
All the world *may* hope in Thee.

3 Thee, Holy Ghoſt, we praiſe,
Giver of general grace,
Preacher thou to ſpirits bound,
Doſt for harden'd ſinners grieve,
Thoſe who while He may be found,
Will not come to God, and live.

4 Bleſſing and praiſe to Thee,
All-glorious Trinity!
Live by all thy Works ador'd,
All below and all above,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of grace, and God of love.

III.

1 FAther of mankind, whoſe love
In Chriſt for all is free,
Thou haſt ſent him from above
To bring us all to Thee:
Thou haſt every heart inclin'd,
Chriſt, the Saviour, to embrace,
All thoſe heavenly drawings find,
All *may* be ſav'd by grace.

2 Chriſt, the true and living light,
Thou ſhineſt into all,
Lighteſt every ſon of night
That fell in *Adam's* fall:
Bear we witneſs unto Thee
Thou thy light to all doſt give,
That the world thro' it might ſee
Their Saviour, and believe.

3 Holy Ghoſt, all quick'ning Fire,
Thou giveſt each his day,
Doſt one ſpark of life inſpire
In every caſt-away;
Not to aggravate his ſin,
Not his ſorer doom to ſeal,
But that he might let Thee in,
And all thy fulneſs feel.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
All Glory be to Thee,
The whole world of ſinners loſt
To ſave Thou doſt agree:
Thee triumphantly we praiſe,
Vie with all thy hoſts above,
Shout thine univerſal grace,
Thine everlaſting love.

IV.

PRaiſe God, from whom pure bleſſings flow,
Whoſe bowels yearn on all below,
Who would not have one ſinner loſt:
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!

V

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Who ſweetly all agree
To ſave a world of ſinners loſt,
Eternal glory be.

FINIS.

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